



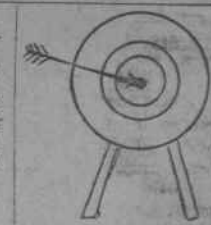
The four-leaf shamrock is reputed to bring good luck, but an advertisement in The Journal is sure to bring more business.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

THE JOURNAL

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1896.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

The Summer Resort manager who takes space in the advertising columns of the Summer Resort number of The Journal, June 14, will make a business bull's-eye.



PAGES 9 TO 16.

DUNLOP CONFESSES STEALING THE GEMS.

But Turner Pleads Not Guilty, and Both Are Remanded Till Tuesday.

Jewels Were Never in a Ham, Says the Thief, but He Refuses to Give Details.

Probably Concealed on His Person at the Time He Was Misleading the Detectives.

THE WANDERINGS OF THE JEWELS.

Dunlop Thinks the Scotland Yard Men Stole the Stones Still Missing, and Declares the Maid Is Innocent of Crime.

The fact that William Dunlop and William Turner, formerly in the household of I. Townsend Burden, the servants who stole jewels valued commercially at over \$40,000, have been returned to the scene of their crime, to pay the law's penalty therefor, is not the most interesting present phase of the "Great Burden Robbery."

These servants were clever—remarkably so. With a trifle more sagacity on their part they would never have been apprehended. Their departure was carefully arranged and their methods were sly, but their return is commonplace and inglorious. Both will, in all probability, soon be working out a sentence in Sing Sing. They will be forgotten. So far as the public is concerned, they are already nearly as good as dead. Dunlop yesterday pleaded guilty before Judge Cowing, in General Sessions, and would have made a full confession but for a sort of manly consideration of its consequences upon his partner, Turner, who had elected to choose the chance of acquittal after a trial and the certainty of paying lawyers' fees.

THE INTEREST IN THE JEWELS. It is with the jewels that public interest has at this moment most to do. There are thieves by the thousand in every centre of population all over the world. Generally they meet with a deserved end sooner or later, and having paid the penalty to society, are forgotten. Jewels, however, especially such jewels as those of the Burdens, are never forgotten, or if momentarily so, somebody must pay the penalty for the forgetfulness.

Lost jewels are even more enduring than lost Charlie Rosses. The Burden gems, taken collectively, become a "missing link" of consequence. The most interesting feature of it all is, too, that their value and the fondness in which they are held by the family from which they have strayed, is not in any way impaired by the wretched experiences which they may have had during their absence from the family treasure vault and their owners' possession.

Mrs. Burden, when she returns to this country, will bring the glittering baubles around her throat, thrust them into her hair, or clasp them at her bosom, utterly regardless of the fact that since she saw them last they have been amid plevian surroundings and in the possession of thieves. If William Turner had joined his accomplice, William Dunlop, yesterday in the plea of guilty, a curious, eager jewel-loving and jewel-respecting world might this morning have been able to know just what exactly and precisely happened to these jewels from the hour when, on December 27 last, they were taken from their owners' box, but as it is there are missing links in the chain of their travels. It is not even known positively whether they were, as at one time stated, temporarily hidden in a ham in the Burden kitchen.

JEWELS NOT HIDDEN IN A HAM. When asked yesterday just how the robbery was effected, Dunlop, the acknowledged thief, said:

"I cannot tell you about that, because I would not be playing fair with Turner. God knows I am not a hardened sinner, and what I did was on account of my weakness. The temptation of thinking that I could easily become well off and be my own master was too great, and when I look back at the thing now I feel that I must have been crazy. I do not want to do what I think is just as wicked as stealing—to turn informer. The jewelry, however, was not taken out of the Burden house the night it was stolen, nor was it hidden in a ham. Most of the theories were wrong. I do not regard the New York detectives as stupid, nor do I think the London detectives were at all clever in arresting us, under the circumstances. It would not do to print everything now until they get through with Turner."

It is known where the box containing the jewels is now. Persons on the pier of the steamship line might yesterday have seen it being carried like any other piece of merchandise on a common truck from the gateway to a waiting wagon, and they might have seen detectives of the New York force receiving for the treasure.

Where have the jewels been meantime? They came back to New York, not all of them, it is true, but the majority, as good as valuable, as capable of exciting envy, cupidity and admiration as the day they



WILLIAM DUNLOP, WHO PLEADED GUILTY TO STEALING BURDEN JEWELS.

disappeared. Nobody knows just how many of them were hidden, and the next day, at times they may have been hidden, but everybody knows that they are here again, and no one can possibly doubt that their owner will be glad to give them again choice positions among her adornments.

WERE THEY CONCEALED IN BELTS? One of twelve states that the jewels were not taken from the Burden house on the same night they were stolen. The place was, however, swarming with detectives who ransacked it from ceiling to basement without finding a trace of the gems. It is fair to assume that they were concealed upon the person of the bland and smooth young man who assisted the officers in their search.

As belts to fit around the body were found in London, in which many of the jewels were packed, the probability is that the much sought for gems, which hitherto had not been known to bluish usen, lay hidden close to the skin of the dishonest servants. Dunlop is who received all newspaper men at the time of the robbery and dotted out to them scraps of news as arose from a totally unsearchable problem. He also was responsible for the standing of many so-called clues. If as he spoke the X rays of science could penetrate his black clothing, the sparkle of thousands of dollars worth of gems might have issued from under his waistcoat.

WENT INTO IN BURDEN'S STABLE? From the day of the robbery until his departure for Europe, Dunlop was shadowed by Central Office detectives, but still it is not known how he managed to carry the jewels from the house. When he left the Burden he stayed for a time with his brother, Hugh Dunlop, who lives at No. 47 East Fifth street, and is coachman to Whiteley Reid. It is possible that the jewels accompanied him there, and may have been hidden in the stables of the one-time candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

Dunlop sailed for Liverpool on March 28 on the steamship Campana, and in all probability the jewels went with him, for upon his arrival in London, he is known to have met Turner. The two men went to live at the King's Arms Public House, where the bulk of the jewels were subsequently found. This hotel on public house is situated in Shepherd's Market, a little slummy court off Piccadilly, where house-renders and men from the neighboring news congested.

Here in a small hand bag, absolutely unprotected from inquisitive eyes, the jewels lay for weeks, until one day it was decided to dispose of some of them. Gems to the amount of \$3,000 were taken to Streets in Bond street, the finest jeweller's shop in all London. The manner and appearance of the man offering them for sale and his obvious writ of knowledge of their

value made Mr. Streeker suspicious. Detectives were notified, and the next day both the thieves and their booty was in the hands of the police. For some days these harmless, precious baubles lay in historic Scotland Yard. Then they were carried across to Marlborough Street Station and tested before the curious eyes of a crowd of society people who always flock to hear a sensational case. In Bond street they were again displayed to a curious throng, and after a fierce legal fight over them and their purveyors, they again made a voyage across the ocean.

THEIR NEXT PUBLIC APPEARANCE. Their next public appearance will be in Part I. of General Sessions, after which they will probably go peacefully back to No. 5 East Twenty-sixth street, after six months of adventure such as the most ambitious travels of fiction might envy. Dunlop, after his plea of guilty yesterday, and after Turner had repeatedly said to the police and to representatives of the District Attorney's office, "I have nothing to say," consented to be interviewed.

"A person," said he, "who has done what I have will not get the credit of telling the truth, but I only wish I could make Mr. and Mrs. Burden believe that I have not made cents by the robbery. The stones that are missing were not disposed of by either Turner or myself. Before I left my room on the Wednesday morning that we were arrested, I looked at my bag, and all the stones were there. I do not want to accuse the Scotland Yard men of having stolen them, but it looks like it. The stones must have been in the bag when the detectives took possession of it. There could be no object now for me not to tell where the stones could be found if I knew. I would like to see Mr. and Mrs. Burden get all their property, but unless some of the detectives here investigate the Scotland Yard men I don't know how they are going to find the stones."

"When did you make up your mind to plead guilty?" "About the middle of last night. I prayed to God to guide me, and the feeling grew on me that if I ever need expect forgiveness that I must try and do right the remainder of my life, and the best way to begin was to plead guilty. I would be much better content if I were the only person accused, so that I could make a clean breast of the whole affair."

"I am sorry that I refused to have anything to say about the Burden's maid when I was asked on Thursday if she was mixed up in the case. I did not know then that she had been arrested on suspicion. That was a terrible thing for her to be innocent. I was as careful to conceal everything from her as I was from my employers. She is a good, honest girl, and it makes me feel very badly to think that I was the cause of her being put in prison."

"Did you tell Turner that you were going to plead guilty?" "Yes, and also how I came to make up my mind to do so, but I cannot tell what Turner said. I think, though, that it would be just as well for everybody concerned if Turner were with me, so that we could talk to each other. If they keep me here very long I think I will write an account of the robbery and have it ready to give out as soon as Turner's case is disposed of."

BURDEN REWARD IS PAID. Scotland Yard Men Get Their Money for Capturing the Jewel Thieves. By Julian Ralph. London, June 5.—The reward offered for the capture of the Burden robbers was apportioned out in Scotland Yard to-day amid much rejoicing.

The principal officers concerned got \$2,000 each. Twenty Bicyclists Pay Fines. Fifteen East Side bicycle riders were fined \$5 each in Essex Market yesterday for neglecting to carry lighted lamps. Nine scorches were fined \$3 each in the Harlem Court yesterday, and two men were fined \$10 each for the same offence at Jefferson Market.

OLD NICK PERHAPS IS LEADER OF THE BAND.

At Least It Looks Like It to Central Metropolitan Temple Members.

Sacred Cornet Calls to the Christian Soldier Drowned in a Profane Melody.

IS IT BOARDING HOUSE VS. CHURCH?

Whatever Is Back of the Musical Din in West Fourteenth Street, the Road to Heaven Is Made Hard to Travel.

Under the protection of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, which give to every citizen the right to get to Heaven in his own peculiar way, the congregation of the Central Metropolitan Temple, at Seventh avenue and Fourteenth street, hired a cornetist. This man has powerful lungs and his business is to make a joyful noise, lead the singing and attract outsiders.

The scheme has proved popular and a great many people are said to have been reclaimed from the paths of iniquity. Some of the neighbors, however, have stubbornly refused to be reclaimed and have kept on in the paths of iniquity in the hope of meeting the cornetist on a dark night, alone. Whether all that happened the other night was the result of conspiracy or was only an extraordinary coincidence no one seems to know, but here are the facts.

The cornetist, after taking a deep, long breath, had begun to play "Onward, Christian Soldier!" He played with a blare that made the windows tremble and the guests in the boarding houses further down the block joined in the chorus. This nightly music, by the way, has become a feature of boarding house life in the neighborhood and is frequently held out as an inducement to the man who came to look at a vacant room.

But upon this particular night the cornetist had not come to the second verse when the strains of a ponderous trombone fell upon the air. Where the music came from no one could say. It had that elusive quality which is common to all music that rises from a rear window in the middle of a block.

The trombone had struck up an accompaniment, and was helping the Christian soldier on his onward march. Those who listened to the duet imagined they heard a note of thankfulness in the strains of the cornet, as if the player were grateful for this kind assistance. But when they

In the middle of a line the trombone dropped the Christian soldier like a hot potato, and, with amazing enthusiasm, joined in "The Maiden's Prayer." The cornetist lost his breath and through the rest of the song his instrument wobbled over the notes.

Presently he began another air. A hand organ outside the church started the overture to "Faust," and the trombone player, who seemed to have made up his mind to settle down to business, began playing chromatic scales. Chromatic scales on a trombone, by the way, sound like a train of freight cars coming to a stop under full brake.

A belated pedler's wagon, strung with jingling bells, rattled past the church door, and, with a crash like the day of judgment, the evening service in the Salvation Army barracks, on Fourteenth street, began, while neighborhood boys set up "And the Band Played On."

The pianos were playing "Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" and the trombone player could not resist the temptation of snorting in with "Trembled with fear at your frown." Even the cornetist wavered in "Hold the Fort" for an instant, for there was something powerfully tempting in "Ben Bolt." It was only for a moment, however, and then he went on, holding the fort harder than ever, in spite of the fact that two men across the street had begun to blow horns, one in C sharp, the other in D.

The cornetist still plays in the Central Metropolitan Temple. He suspects that some one hires an organ grinder to play outside the edifice during the service, and he is willing to swallow his cornet if the trombone player and the pianists are not concerned in the conspiracy. Church members think Old Nick is back of it all. The neighbors, however, they know nothing about the matter. Besides which, this is a free country.

INTERPRETER WAS JUDGE.

An Officer in Special Sessions Delayed a Trial to Satisfy a Grudge Against a Greek.

Miss Anne Von Aspern, of No. 872 Third avenue, bought 10 cents worth of bananas from Peter Troumbanes, a Greek pushcart pedler. She says she gave him a \$10 bill and got 90 cents in change. Peter says she gave him \$1. Peter was arrested.

His trial was set for yesterday in Special Sessions, and because his English is limited to a few banana trade words and prices of his goods, an interpreter was needed. George Simonson, the interpreter of Special Sessions, has as slight a knowledge of modern Greek as has Peter of English, so some one had called Marc Moustaki, who interprets for pedlers in Centre Street Court.

Both sides were willing to accept Moustaki, but Simonson, who had quarreled with the police court interpreter, intervened excitedly: "I will not have Moustaki. I cannot vouch for him," and Justice Jerome laid the case over until Tuesday.

Protests of Troumbanes's attorney were not listened to, though after Justice Jerome said he had misapprehended the situation. He said he had not heard Moustaki's name mentioned, and that had he known Moustaki was ready to go on, he would have tried the case, as he had a very good opinion of the Greek interpreter. He thought the objections were made to a cousin of the prisoner, who had been suggested as interpreter.

"We will not permit the personal differ-

STUMBLING OVER A LIGHTED CANDLE.

Aged Mrs. Donnelly's Clothing Took Fire and She Was Severely Burned.

Her Husband Bravely Went to Her Aid and Fought the Flames with Her.

MEANWHILE THE ROOM TOOK FIRE.

Firemen Were Summoned and the Blaze Was Put Out, but Not Before the Old Couple Had Been Badly Burned. Mrs. Donnelly May Die.

Joseph Donnelly, seventy years old, and his wife, Elizabeth, whose age is sixty, live in the first flat at No. 157 Bond street, Brooklyn. Just after supper last night Mrs. Donnelly dropped a lighted candle that she was carrying, between the dining room and kitchen. In stooping to recover it she stumbled, and the flame of the candle set her clothing afire.

Mrs. Donnelly tried to extinguish the flames and in the effort was severely burned on her hands, arms and body. Her aged husband, who was in an adjoining apartment, heard her screams and ran to her rescue. He finally succeeded in tearing the blazing garments from the body of his wife, but was badly burned in doing so. Meanwhile the candle had set fire to the carpets, curtains and furniture.

An alarm was sent in, the firemen quickly responded and the fire was promptly extinguished. Mrs. Donnelly was so seriously burned that she had to be removed to St. Peter's Hospital. Mr. Donnelly's burns were dressed by the ambulance surgeon. The damage to the house, which is owned by Michael McCarren, and to the furniture was slight.

It was said at the hospital last night that Mrs. Donnelly might not recover. Had she called to her husband for help at first she might have escaped with much less severe burns, but she refrained because, as she said, she did not wish to worry "the old man," and thought she could extinguish the flames unaided.

Mr. Donnelly was extremely affected when the ambulance took his wife away. He did not seem to mind his own injuries, which were not trifling by any means, but was all solicitude for his venerable helpmeet. As the ambulance was driven away the wife was trying to console the husband, who grieved but for her.

The Donnellys are favorites with the neighbors, to whom they are known as an unusually affectionate old couple. Both are somewhat feeble with age.

IRATE PARENT OUTWITTED.

Miss Daly of Mt. Kisco Met Mr. Hyland in New York and They Were Wed.

Miss Daly, daughter of J. W. Daly, a Mount Kisco breeder of trotting horses, was married Tuesday in St. Francis Xavier's Church, in West Sixteenth street, to Andrew R. Hyland, who was formerly her father's bookkeeper.

She came to the city to visit friends and met Hyland, whom her father dismissed last fall when Mr. Daly learned of the attachment between the young folks. They went to the church, where, it was said last night, the ceremony was performed under the sanction of Vicar-General Hyland and in the presence of two witnesses.

It was said in Mt. Kisco that Mr. Daly learned of the marriage yesterday morning, looking for Father Hyland had come to New York City to investigate. He had not been to St. Francis Xavier's Church up to a late hour last night.

RHODES FOR INDEPENDENCE.

Tells the People of Bulawayo to Get Freedom and Free Trade.

Bulawayo, June 5.—Cecil Rhodes, in a speech delivered to the inhabitants of this place, said that if he was allowed to remain and work with them he foresaw that the charter of the British South Africa Company would lapse and the people become autonomous.

This would not injure the shareholders in the company. He ridiculed the idea that Rhodesia would amalgamate with the Transvaal or be annexed to Cape Colony. He did not believe that the people would assent to be governed from Cape Town. Mr. Rhodes advised his hearers to be always looking for future independence, to cherish free trade, to establish speedy communication with Cape Colony, and to bring about federation with the Cape.

SOUGHT A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

Brooklyn Girl Elopeed with a Man Who Afterward Deserted Her.

Leola Crowell arrived at Perth Amboy yesterday from Pittsburgh. She was looking for her husband, Charles E. Crowell. She said that a year ago she had left her home in Brooklyn and eloped to Pittsburgh with Crowell. He failed to keep his promise to marry her. Since that time she has been living with him.

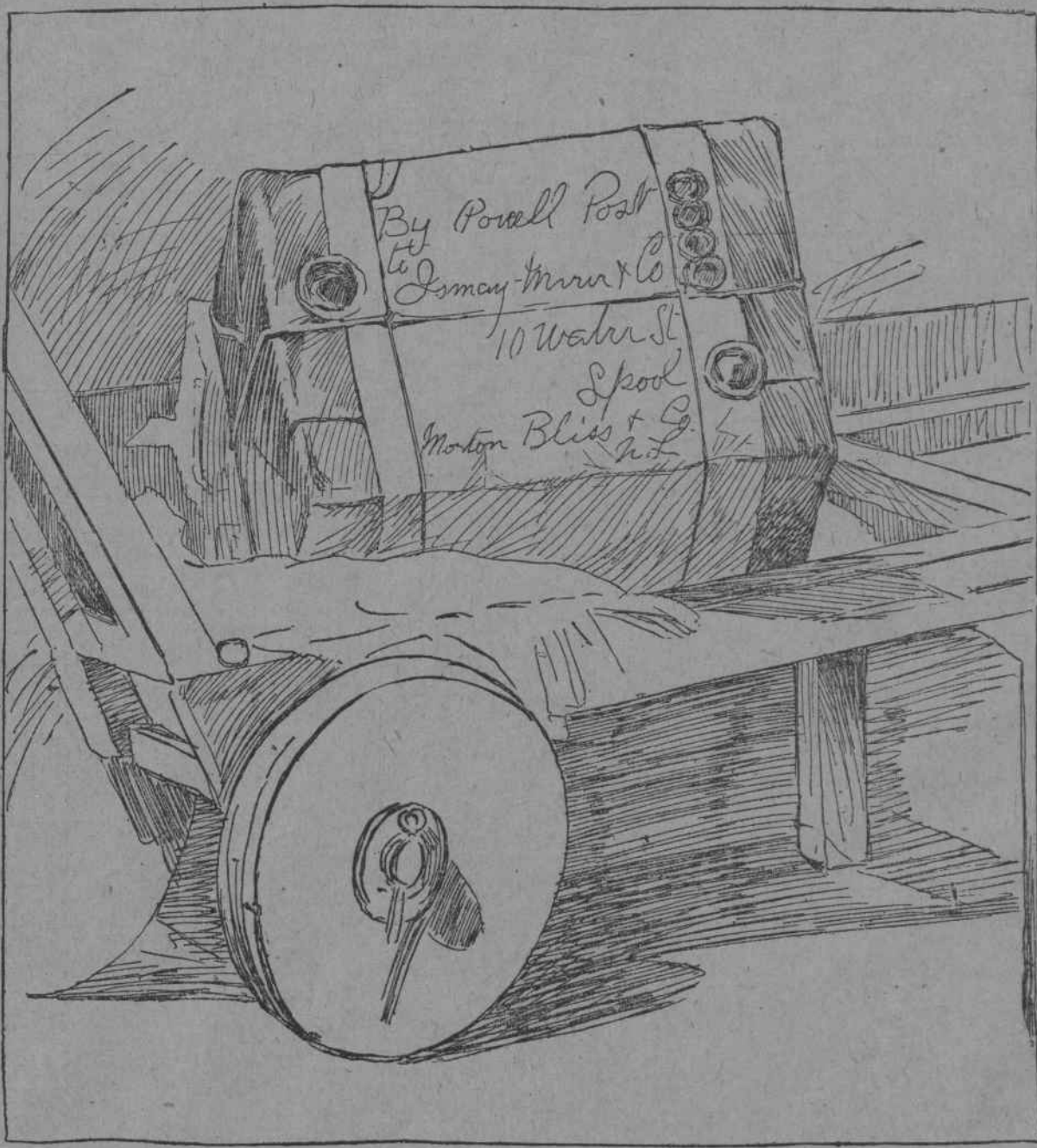
Last Saturday she deserted her. She could find no trace of him in Perth Amboy, nor could she find that he had even been known there. His home is in Charlotte, North Carolina. The woman is only eighteen years old. She said that her father kept a delicatessen store in Brooklyn. She threatened to commit suicide.

End of Richmond Will Contest.

Buffalo, June 5.—Justice White, in the Special Term of the Supreme Court this morning made an order which practically discontinued the contest over the will of Mrs. Mary A. Richmond, widow of the late Dean Richmond, of Batavia. Mrs. Richmond left an estate valued at \$50,000. Miss Rosaline Richmond, of New York, a grand-daughter of the testatrix, contested it, but the Surrogate of Genesee County sustained the provisions of the will, and Miss Richmond took her case to the Supreme Court. Recently the lawyers got together and Mrs. Richmond agreed to discontinue further proceedings if the heirs would agree to pay her \$30,000.

Tuxedo's Proprietor Arrested.

Alexander Hicks, proprietor of the Tuxedo Hotel, at No. 42 West Twenty-seventh street, was arrested several weeks ago for violating the Baines law. He was held for trial when arraigned, but later was bailed by Charles H. McLaughlin, of No. 323 West Twenty-sixth street. Hicks's bondsmen heard yesterday that he had arranged to leave again. He notified the "sketch" that the latter arrested Hicks last night.



PACKAGE WHICH CONTAINS THE FAMOUS BURDEN JEWELS.

Talk on Pacific Cable Plans. London, June 5.—The Pacific cable conference was opened here to-day. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, made the opening address, after which the general question of the desirability of a Pacific cable was considered. After to-morrow's sitting the conference will adjourn for three weeks in order to enable some of the delegates to attend the international telegraph conference in Budapest.

May Sell Their Church for \$625,000. The Fourth Universalist Society received authority yesterday from Justice Andrews, of the Supreme Court, to sell to John J. Hyland, for \$625,000, the property occupied by the Church of the Divine Paternity at Fifth avenue and Forty-fifth street, of which Dr. Charles H. Eaton is pastor.

started in upon the third verse of the song, and the voices of the congregation had swung into line with considerable vim, imagine the amazement of the cornetist to hear two pianos, directly behind the church, join in the melody. The Christian soldier marched through that verse in rattling style.

"Onward, Christian soldier!" sang the congregation. The cornetist turned pale. The pianos had gone back on him, and had joined in "The Maiden's Prayer." The congregation sang louder, the cornetist blew louder blasts, and with the assistance of the trombone he succeeded, for a few brief notes, in drowning the music of the pianos. If only the trombone player would stand by him, all would be well! Alas and alack!

ences of the employees of the court to interfere with its business," said he.

Swore Their Mother Was Drunkard.

An application by Mrs. Catherine Mohrman for \$500 counsel fee and \$15 a week alimony, pending the trial of a suit for a limited divorce brought by her against Christopher Mohrman, was denied yesterday by Justice Beach, of the Supreme Court. Mrs. Mohrman complained that her husband had ill-treated her. Mohrman swore that his wife was a confirmed drunkard and had within five years served fifteen terms of imprisonment on Blackwell's Island for drunkenness. This affidavit was supported by similar affidavits from four of Mrs. Mohrman's children.



Placing the Burden Jewels in a Hack.